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Neglected Arabia



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MUSCAT HARBOR—LANDING PLACE.

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NEGLECTED ARABIA.

July - September, 1911.

Stretching Hands Across Arabia.

Readers of NEGLECTED ARABIA do not require to be told how the Hon. Ion Grant Neville Keith-Falconer, the third son of the Earl of Kintore, heard the Gospel call to go and work in Arabia; nor do they require to be told how short was his period of service. For most, if not all, are acquainted with the story of his heroic life and death, know how he left his beautiful Scottish home as well as his brilliant career that was just beginning to open before him in his country's history, that he might go as a pioneer missionary to begin work on the inhospitable shores of Arabia and settle on the "barren rocks of Aden."

They will remember, too, how, while Keith-Falconer was still a mere youth, he made his memorable journey on a high "wheel" from Land's End to John O'Groat's, and how, while he held the world's championship for amateur cycling, he preferred the quiet Gospel meeting and service for Christ to the plaudits of thousands who were assembled to welcome him and watch his performances, and how he eschewed the glory that comes to a man who wins a great race in order that he might win a soul for Christ.

Keith-Falconer was a man of sterling worth, eccentric genius and whole-hearted devotion. Into whatever task he entered and whatever duty he essayed, into that he threw his whole manhood; consequently it was no great surprise to his friends when he told them that he had determined to go out to South Arabia to live and work for Jesus.

Soon, however, the news spread that Arabia had claimed this whole-souled man as its first victim, and that in the fever-stricken village of Sheikh Othman he had laid down his life for the Gospel's sake, and men asked, Will the work which was begun in faith be allowed to stop? Will the founder's death and the serious illness of the friend who went out to help him mean that the work will have to be stopped? The answer, however, was NO! for though it is a truism God still buries His workers, but He carries on His work, and no sooner was Keith-Falconer laid in his low, narrow bed than volunteers flocked to offer their services and to take his place.

In America, too, his trumpet call to Christian energy and the message of his grave were heard and answered by the appointment of

Drs. Cantine and Zwemer and the establishment of that truly Christian work in the Persian Gulf, which is still being carried on and still being increased by consecrated men and women both from America and other lands.

But the unhealthiness of Sheikh Othman and the heavy price that had to be paid in workers gave the Committee much concern, and as one after another of the workers sickened and had to be sent home, it became a question of our being able to retain the field. Then came Major Ross' wonderful discovery that malaria was carried by certain species of the anopheles mosquito, and that it apparently could not be contracted in any way other than by the bite of one of these contaminated insects; that it was therefore a preventable disease and could be avoided if proper care was taken.

This wonderful discovery saved the mission and enabled the workers to go farther afield, as well as to strengthen their stakes and lengthen their cords at Aden. One of the missionaries started work among the British soldiers, and from that not only was he able to break the Bread of Life to his fellow countrymen on what they called the "cinder heap," but his doing so helped the work among the natives both directly and indirectly as soon as the natives began to see the difference between the men who loved God and those who loved Him not.

In the year 1893 there were only 8,000 attendances registered in the dispensary books, but in 1904 the figures had risen to 40,435 and 797 operations were also performed. These figures showed the necessity for better buildings and the need for a proper hospital, and in 1908 the Keith-Falconer Memorial Hospital was dedicated with praise and with prayer to God's service in South Arabia. To that hospital, which the camel man first sees on approaching British territory, people have flocked from as far north as Mecca and as far east as Muscat. They have come for health and healing, and the missionaries have tried to direct their gaze to the Great Physician. Last year the two surgeons at work performed over 1,500 operations and sent many home with joy in their hearts, who had first seen the place with tears.

The difficulty of coping with the crowds and of watching their own serious cases after operations made the two missionary doctors plead for nurses, and two nurses were quickly found for the work, whose devotion and patient, heroic, Christian character soon made their presence felt among the people of weary foot and wandering life; and the leavening power of their lives is so increasingly felt that we again begin to hope that the dreams of our life will be realized, and that the Keith-Falconer missionaries will yet meet those of the Dutch Reformed Church in the heart of Arabia, and that hand in hand we

shall go on to attack and win for Christ the great citadel of Islam, and cause the attractive power of God's love to be shown and our Saviour's words verified even in the Cradle of Islam:

"I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me."

J. C. YOUNG.



A Day's Picnic with Arab Ladies of Muscat.

Perhaps the Arab ladies would not like me to speak in this way of the day I spent with them, because from their standpoint it was a religious ceremony; but I am sure if you had been with me you would have said, "This is just like a picnic." The Muscat women are not nearly as fanatical as the Arab women of Bahrein. They are more sociable and invite me to their functions and ceremonies where others would not dream of doing so. They do more than merely tolerate, they seem to enjoy my company. This week I was invited to attend a ceremony at a place a short distance out of Muscat called Sudab. Here there is a tumble-down building which is called "The House of the Vow." The lady who invited me was going to make a vow. I did not ask her the nature of the vow because so many visitors were present and I thought they might make unfavorable comments, and then I could ask her another time when she was alone. I had never attended a ceremony of this kind and I really wanted to know all about it, so I accepted her kind invitation and went to the place.

I wish some one could have taken snap-shots of me at different intervals. I was the only European in the midst of a goodly number of Arab ladies and all of them belonging to the aristocracy. Oh, what a gay company! The ladies were dressed in colored silk gowns. All Muscat ladies wear "hobble skirts," and long, narrow trousers, and men's hose on their feet. I noticed one lady had on a silk pair of hose (pale pink). You might truly name their dress, "The Harem Costume." The long, narrow trousers were made of various colored satin—bright orange, green, purple, blue, pink, magenta, etc. Their jewelry consisted of enormous, massive gold anklets and beautifully engraved bracelets reaching far up the arms. Their fingers and toes were covered with rings,—I counted five rings on a lady's toes. The noserings and earrings were of various designs and shapes. In Eastern lands a woman's jewels is her bank and so many banks were represented at this gathering. I looked very insignificant beside my Arab sisters in my plain white linen dress and wearing the Woman's Board Pin as my only jewel and adornment.

This gathering of women, dressed in their very best, were out to

spend the day in feasting. The one who was going to make the vow had bountifully provided for all present, and the feast was to be in a tumble-down building which was a sorry contrast to their expensive garments. As we entered the building every one made some pious exclamation and one and all removed their shoes before stepping on the mats that were spread for us to sit on. This place, or really ruins, is occupied time after time by wealthy people who come to make a vow, and although they revere the place they never think of giving any money to repair it or keep it in good order. Just near the building there are three graves containing the bodies or remains of three saints. The one who makes a vow chooses one of these graves and says to the saint reposing there, "I want so and so, etc. If you grant my petition, I will return and place good things [perhaps sweets] on the grave." I forgot to mention that she walks round and round the grave while asking her favor in making the vow. After this ceremony our lady returned to the assembled company and the sweets and coffee were passed around first while the contents of the huge pots were cooking merrily near us. The smoke was driven in clouds to where we were seated because the wind happened to be in that direction; and the ground in front of the building was saturated with the blood of the slain animals. These people deny that Jesus shed His blood for us, but they seem to have no ceremony without the shedding of blood.

I hope I was not like the Pharisee, but my thoughts were most of the time, "Lord, I thank Thee I am not a Moslem." I felt sick at heart as I listened to these women who were not a bit concerned about the real object of their gathering. Not one of them expressed any noble desires, nor was there any kind of elevating conversation. Not one dreamed of answered prayer. If I had said, "I pray to God in definite petitions and He hears my cry and answers my prayers," they would have exclaimed, "Ask forgiveness of God for talking like that!" Their prophet is dead. Their religion is a dead thing. They are dead in trespasses and sins. Oh, pray for them and the missionaries who labor among them. May God the Holy Spirit quicken these dead souls that they may live and serve the living Sinless Prophet, the Son of God, the Saviour and Redeemer who has promised to those who love Him, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in My name that will I do."

FANNY LUTTON.



Arabs Who Come to See Us.

This topic reminds one very much of the work of Peter Zwemer, the founder of Muscat Station. He was gifted with a bright, sociable nature that drew the people to him and sent him out to seek the people. He visited and was visited, not in Muscat alone, but in the ways and mountain-fastnesses of Oman. His successors have followed in his footsteps and now the habit certainly of the Arabs, is well established. But one is not allowed to forget the beginnings. A sheikh with his followers is announced, the name is not familiar, and the place they come from is barely known by name. On going to the reception-room one is not enlightened as to who they are or why they have come, until after the copious greetings customary one finds out that the sheikh is returning the visit of one of our number fifteen years ago. Yes, they recall the name, Zwemer. We are building on foundations.

The reception-room referred to is a large hall, similar to many a *Sibla* of the Arabs. It has direct access from the street, the door is always open and whoever wishes may come in. It is an excellent feature of this Mission house. The Mission owns a house nearby, where the colporteur lives, and where we can put up guests who wish to stay in Muscat a while. This is our Guest House, and it proved extremely useful this Spring when a chief of an important town was pleased to accept this hospitality. The object of this writing is not to present an appeal for funds, still I may say that a few hundred dollars for improving this Guest House is a real need of this Station.

But who are the people who come to visit us? They are sheikhs, chiefs of tribes or towns with their followers. These followers may be few or they may be many, according to the importance of the man. This Spring one came with eighty of them and, as many of them carry their arms, our place had quite a warlike appearance. They come from the coast to the East and the West and from Inland. Wherever missionary or colporteur has been they come from. Sometimes one who has heard of us makes a first call and invites us to visit him at his place, but the rule is that they have been visited first. So this feature of our work is a complement to Touring. A good deal of Oman has been covered and a good deal remains as new territory, but the list of towns visited is constantly growing and thus we have reason to hope that the number of visitors will also grow. Winter and Spring is the time when they come to Muscat to pay their respects to the Sultan. This season an unusually large number have come. In the nature of the case detail information of these visitors cannot be given. Enough has been said to show that many do come to our house and that they are often men of importance. I may add

also that sometimes these sheikhs are fine specimens of men, carrying themselves with fine dignity.

Sociability and hospitality are strong features of the Omanee character. They themselves spend a great deal of time—and means too—in visiting each other. On the occasion of a call they must be greeted cordially and each one individually. After some conversation the usual coffee and *helwa* (Muscat sweets) are passed around and then some more conversation. Religious conversation is easily introduced. A couple of Bibles are kept in the reception room and if there are any that can read they are invited to do so, or else I do it myself, and interesting talks ensue. The callers are then escorted to the door and the visit is over. In some cases it is well to show a greater degree of hospitality, and then we invite them to a “feast” consisting of a sheep and rice done to their liking.

As a whole this work is one of the strong features of the Station. Through hospitality friendships are cemented that may at any time prove to be extremely valuable when we are out on the road. Hospitality appeals to the Arab as nothing else, a breach thereof is not forgotten nor is a good example of it. Speaking of results, I may say that while touring brings people to the house what we do here helps to keep the roads open for us. I have more invitations to places up-country now than I can possibly reach this year. The result of the personal touch along with a message from God’s word we cannot foretell.

F. J. BARNY.



A Visit to a Bedouin Market.

To the stranger from the West, even though he be fairly well acquainted with Eastern ways, a visit to the Bedouin market place at Kuwait will be replete with interest and new experiences. There is such a typical Arab and desert atmosphere about the place that the like can only be found in cities like this, which border on the desert and are a rendezvous for Bedouins.

The market-place at Kuwait lies towards the south of the city. In general it has the shape of the letter V, the open end of which lies towards the south and merges into the desert, while the sides are formed by the city itself. It is here that we find at almost all hours of the day, but especially towards sunset, a veritable hive of human beings. Prominent among them are the Bedouins, typical sons of the desert. In every aspect he bears the marks of his desert home. His clothing is of the scantiest. A long, loose garment which comes to the ankles, is his main article of clothing: once it was white.

but long use and the absence of water has long since turned it to a dark gray. Upon his head is a piece of cloth of the same color, held in place by a thin band of woven goat hair. From beneath this hang braids, or touseled curls, of jet black hair. In these garments he eats, sleeps, and dies, unless, indeed, he is wounded in a fight in which his enemies are the victors, in which case they will strip him entirely and desert him to his fate upon the desert sands.

Conspicuous in the midst of the market-place are large herds of camels. All are lying on their legs doubled under them. To keep them from escaping the legs are tied double. Some have just come in from the desert and all around are stacks of pack-saddles, wool, fodder and the like. Others are being loaded, to which process the camel objects with loud groans and a fierce, though ineffective show



BEDOUIN MARKET.

of anger. Well has the camel been named the "ship of the desert." The Bedouins could not possibly get along without him. From long distances of several days' journey they bring into port the few products of the desert—skins, wool and butter-fat. In return they take supplies, such as rice, coffee and piece-goods.

Along one side of the market we notice a long row of Bedouin women. Each is seated beside a small skin or jar of sour milk, which she sells either in bulk or at so much per drink. Her spare time she spends in spinning yarn on a coarse spool. Nearby are groups of demure-looking donkeys, patiently awaiting their heavy burdens. Each one is secured by having his leg tied to that of his fellow. These donkeys are used to carry heavy burdens to the nearby Bedouin camps.

A large part of the open market-place is occupied by groups of sheep and goats. The sheep are of the peculiar, thick-tailed, Oriental

type; the goats have enormously long ears, and are as playful as in the days of old when they gave rise to our words "caper" and "capricious." Each group is surrounded by a number of eager buyers, and many a sharp bargain is driven. It takes a man of experience to get the better of the Bedouin, who, though his knowledge is limited, is well up with the tricks of his trade.

Here and there are groups gathered around a man who has something special to sell. It may be a young gazelle from the desert, or possibly a "Thub," a peculiar animal about a foot long, which very much resembles a young alligator. The Bedouins use it for food.

Towards the western side of the open space there is a general market. Here even booths are dispensed with and all the seller has to do is to spread his wares out upon the ground, or at most on a piece of gunny bag. The amount of capital needed by a person to open up shop is reduced to the irreducible minimum. Two or three eggs, a spool of yarn, a box of matches, or a few hands full of peanuts, are sufficient excuse for a Bedouin to spread his mat and become a merchant. The variety of goods offered for sale beggars description. Old swords, rusty knives, tin cans, candy, peanuts, old locks, mirrors, nails, and much more are here to be bought. It is a mystery where all the goods come from. The other day the writer saw a man showing off an old Daisy air-rifle.

The general impression we have as we leave the market and wend our way homewards, is that the inhabitant of the wilderness is very poor and has a not to be envied lot. His life is a struggle to keep the wolf from the door on the one hand, and his plunder-loving brother Bedouin on the other hand. In summer he is baked by the merciless desert sun; in winter he has scanty protection and shivers in the chilling winds of the open plain. His flocks are his only possession, but of their possession he is uncertain. In the evening he may be rich, but the morning light may find him a beggar, having been robbed of all his possessions during the night. Again a drought spells ruin, when the spring rains fail to come; or an exceptionally cold winter, like the one just past, plays havoc with his flock.

Again his ignorance is dense. Outside of his own little sphere it is very hard to impress upon him a single new idea. Even his skill in desert lore is often times greatly exaggerated. What with his ignorance, his poverty, his roving from place to place and his love of robbing, the Bedouin presents a mighty and perplexing problem to the preacher of the Gospel, a problem that calls for the consecration, the devotion and the effectual, fervent prayer of the entire Church of God.

Hospital Experiences.

"From plague, pestilence and famine; from battle and murder, Good Lord, deliver us."

Every word of this ancient petition has rung in my ears during the last month: the result of plague is the loss of the breadwinner, and the loss of the breadwinner means famine. Plague—that grim terror that used to sweep over Europe, that has lately stricken down some sixty thousand people in Manchuria, and which in the month of March alone killed one hundred and thirty-one thousand people in India—plague is with us. All day long funerals have been taking place, and as the number of deaths increased, the usual rites and ceremonies of a funeral were cut short. Bodies were no longer washed prior to burial and, instead of being carried to the grave on a bier, were bundled



FUNERAL OF A PLAGUE VICTIM.

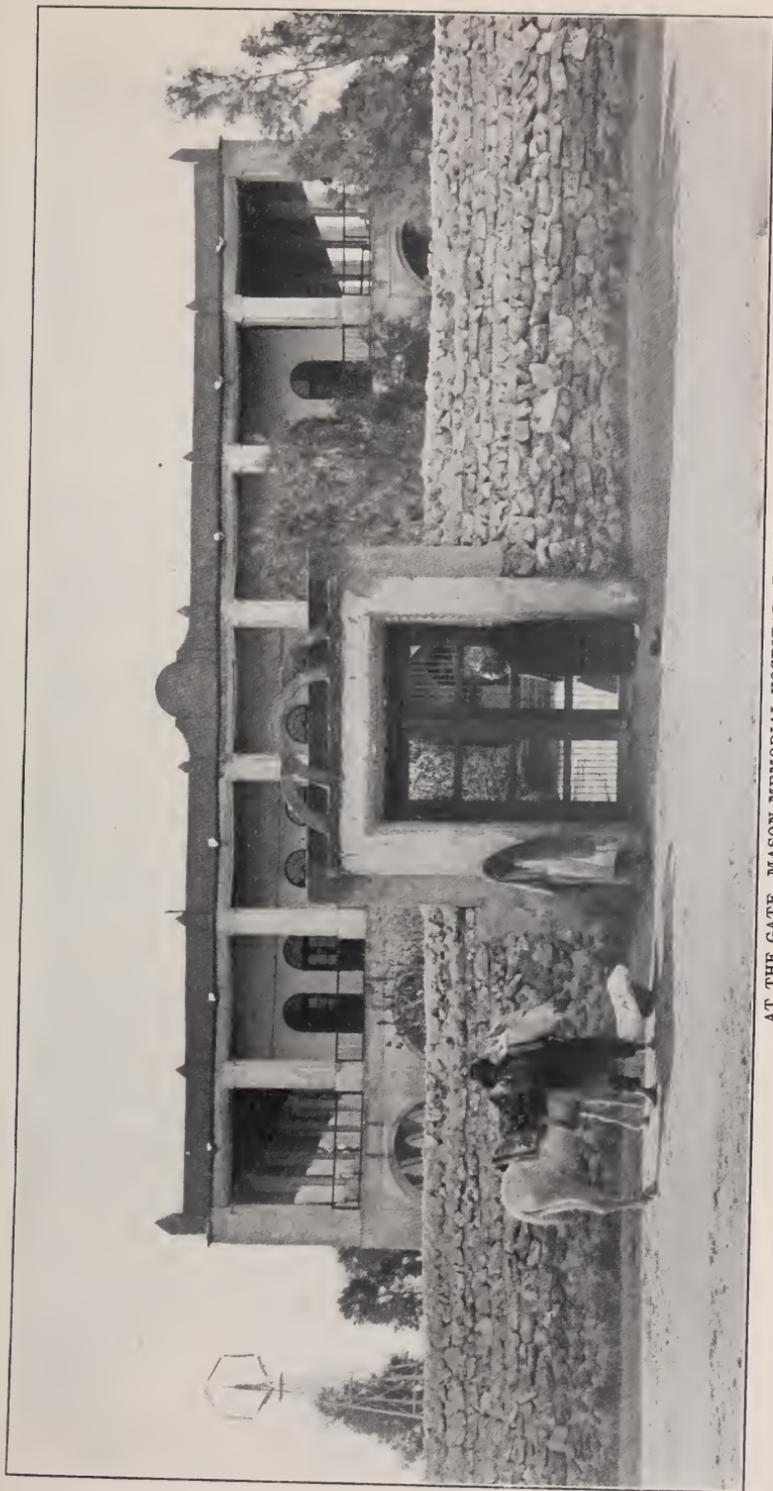
along to their last resting-place with scant respect. By daylight and by moonlight and, as in the burial of Sir John Moore, by the light "of the lantern dimly burning," the sad business of interring the dead goes on. They do not dig their graves deep enough, and on damp, hot nights when the wind is from the cemetery, the stench chokes us as we try to sleep. Already some five hundred people have died; not a very large number when considered in the aggregate, but large in proportion to the population of the district—about twelve thousand. And now the Mohammedan, fatalist as he is, feels his helplessness, feels in the presence of this awful scourge that he must seek aid from Someone, and so he prays. At midnight we are awakened by the cry, "Allah is great; there is no God but Allah. I testify that Mohammed is the apostle of God. Come to prayer, come to salvation. There is no God but Allah." The cry goes from house to house, and in a few moments the air is filled with the sound of the familiar prayer call,

uttered at an unusual time, and called forth not only from the mosque but from the private house. One call blends or clashes with another, and the whole effect, toned down as it is by the quiet and darkness of the midnight hours, is that of a Gregorian choir chanting an anthem in a minor key in a vast cathedral. For about an hour the cry goes up, the exceeding bitter cry of the soul of man driven to look to God in his extremity.

The next day I met a man in the bazaar, a patient of mine, and I asked him what they were doing the night before. "We were praying to God," he answered, "if haply He will take away from us the plague. Our hearts are heavy. I, myself, have lost mother, wife, brother and uncle, and hardly a house but has lost some one." "But," I said, "you believe that what is written will happen, so where is the good of your praying?" He replied, "What can we do?" Ah! How true! What *can* they do? Our hearts go out to them. Only a few of them call in the doctor, who, indeed, can do but little. I have seen about seventy cases of almost all classes and ranks. The Arab sheikh, the Jewish merchant, the Persian trader, the Indian pearl dealer, the artisan, the coolie—all have paid their tribute. As yet no Christians have been stricken with the disease. This is no doubt partly due to the fact that most of us are always inoculated, and also to the fact that most of us have better ideas of cleanliness. One thinks of the words of the Psalmist, "Thou shalt not be afraid for the pestilence that walketh in darkness."

"From battle and murder, Good Lord, deliver us."

The other morning I was disturbed at my *chota hazri* by the ringing of the telephone bell—there is telephonic communication between the hospital and my house—and on going to see what was wanted, I was informed by one of the orderlies, "They have just brought over ten wounded men from Katif." "What kind of wounds are they?" said I. "Gunshot," was the reply. When I reached the hospital, the wounded men and their friends seemed to fill the whole house. It appeared that there had been one of the periodic raids which are the curse of Arabia. The Bedouins around Katif, a province on the mainland, having found out that certain Katifis had got together a considerable sum of money for the diving season, promptly came down upon them and attacked them; killed thirty-two and wounded ten more, and apparently got away with their loot. The Bedouins also lost heavily, I believe, but no one seems to have any particulars, since they carried away all the dead and wounded with them. The big sheikh of the place immediately gave orders that all the wounded men were to be put into a boat and sent over to us.



AT THE GATE, MASON MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, BAHREIN.

In a very short time Mrs. Zwemer was at work getting them ready for the operating room. Their ideas of first aid to the wounded are meagre, to say the least, and from appearances one felt that they had picked out the very dirtiest rags they could find for dressing compound fractures and gaping gunshot injuries. One wound at least was swarming with maggots, although the fight had occurred only three days before. After a while every one was at work—Dr Iverson at the chloroform bottle and Mrs. Zwemer as chief assistant—unfortunately my chief native helper was ill. For five hours straight we worked and finally sat down to breakfast at the rather late hour of 2:30 P. M. One man had his left collarbone shattered in the center, the ball finally lodging in the muscles of the shoulder, from whence it was removed by incision. As his antagonist had discharged his rifle at a distance of about six feet, all the neighborhood of the wound was charred. In addition, he had received a nasty stab wound in the chest. Another man had his right hand badly smashed. We removed a lot of bone, and he will, we hope, quite recover, but I am afraid he will never again have a strong right hand. Another man was shot through both hips; from him we also removed a bullet, as well as a felt wad, but as he was an elderly man and had sustained tremendous shock, he died on the fifth day. Another was shot through the back, and received internal injuries, and now lies in a critical condition. Another had his leg smashed, and we were obliged to take out some half-dozen large pieces of bone. Still another had his left elbow joint shattered, and there was nothing to do but to reset practically the entire joint. This was one of the wounds that had maggots in it. This patient was also hit in the back, and so on and so on. Out of the ten we hope to save eight.

And so this senseless folly goes on in Arabia all the time, "his hand against every man and every man's hand against him." Dr. Zwemer has utilized to the utmost the opportunities to speak to them of the Prince of Peace, but at the same time, we have not been able to speak to the aggressors, the Bedouins who began the fight. Our patients were merely defending their rights.

"When comes the promised sign
That war shall be no more,
And lust, oppression, crime,
Shall flee Thy face before."

C. STANLEY G. MYLREA.



A Note on Northeast Arabia.

The occupation of Kuweit as a station by our mission, and the cordial welcome given to our doctors by its ruler, Sheikh Moharak, calls attention once more to one of the principles of our mission, laid down in its book of rules (adopted in 1897), viz., "Our aim is to occupy the interior of Arabia from the coast as a base." The strategic importance of Kuweit as the future terminus of the overland railway and as the best harbor in the Gulf, is evident. Kuweit also is the best possible place of departure for the occupation of Northeast Arabia and the Nejd.

I was therefore specially interested to read of a recent journey in that part of Arabia by Captain G. E. Leachman, of the Royal



A BEDOUIN TENT NEAR KUWEIT.

Sussex Regiment, in the *Geographical Journal* for March, 1911. He traveled from Bagdad southward through the territory of the Anaeze Arabs as far as the Nefud desert; then went through the territory of the Muntifik along the Euphrates to Samawa. It was a fortunate chance that led him to the camp of the Emir of Hail, the ruler of Nejd. The whole account of his journey is interesting and the reception he met with indicates that the country is becoming more accessible. He writes concerning the political changes in the last few years:

"The present Emir of Hail is Saud ibn er Rashid, a boy of twelve, son of Abd ul Aziz, who was killed in battle in 1905, his eldest son Mitaab succeeding him; in 1907 he met an untimely end at the hands of his cousin, Sultan ibn Hamud er Rashid, who put to death at the same time the remainder of the family with the exception of the present Emir, who was taken to Medina. Sultan was shortly after murdered by his own brother, Saud ibn Hamud, and he, in his turn, was murdered by his uncle, who then brought the present Emir, Saud, from Medina. This last event took place in the winter of 1908-1909. On arrival in the Shammar camp I was called to the Emir, who was sitting in audience in a great tent with the regent, Zamil ibn Sabhan, by his side. Saud is a handsome

little boy with beautiful features and fine hair. He is a fine horseman, riding in fact being his only amusement, and being but a child, he becomes very weary of the long sittings in the "maglis," where tribal affairs are discussed at an inordinate length. He exhibits at times a most violent temper, which, with his features and other characteristics, he seems to have inherited from his father Abd ul Aziz. Zamil ibn Sabhan, the regent, is a man of thirty-four, but in spite of his youth, is probably a stronger man than the Ibn er Rashid Emirate have seen for many years. He is largely responsible for a very great change that is taking place in the position and character of this Central Arabian power."

According to Captain Leachman, fanaticism and opposition to foreigners is on the decrease, and the Emir, as well as the regent, show a conciliatory attitude towards the Turkish Government. In reproducing a portion of the map accompanying the article, we throw down the challenge to ourselves and to the churches that support us, to look away from the coast inland, and see that there is yet much land to be possessed. Special prayer should be offered for those who are holding the fort at Kuweit that their influence may prepare the way of the Lord into the interior.

S. M. ZWEMER.

The New Station, Amara.

At the Annual Meeting of the Arabian Mission in November, 1910, a missionary was assigned to reside at Amara and thus the sixth regular station of the Mission was opened. Amara is located on the West bank of the Tigris River, about a day's journey by river steamer from Busrah. It is preferable to Nasariya on the Euphrates as a residential station because its superior and constant steamship connections make it almost as convenient as Busrah itself.

The town was founded in 1861, as a coaling station, and has grown to be an active trading center. It is in the midst of date gardens and fields of wheat and other grains. The population in 1895 was reported to be 9,500. Of these over 1,000 were Sabeans and 600 were Catholics of Chaldean, Armenian and Latin type. At present there are not more than twenty Christian families, of whom only the members of the Mission staff are Protestant.

Arabs, Persians and Turkish officials and soldiers form the bulk of the population, but the Sabeans, who are also known as the Mesopotamian Star-worshippers, Mandæans and St. John Christians are not less interesting. They are equally famous for their composite religion and for their skillful composition in silver and gold and antimony. Their religion is a mixture of Zoroastrianism, Judaism and Christianity, without enough of the last to save them. It is as

hard to get them to give up their religion as to have them give up the secrets of their silver work.

The Mission has kept in close touch with Amara from the earliest days. Dr. Cantine noted the place while on a trip to Bagdad in 1892, and in the summer of the next year sent a colporteur there with Scriptures. In a report dated January 1, 1894, Dr. Cantine suggested Amara as a place where "a good colporteur could profitably spend some time opening a shop for book sales and preparing the way for other and more permanent occupancy." Although it was only last year that the idea could be carried out in full, yet the suggestion was



BAZAAR AT AMARA.

a most fruitful one, for Scripture sales have been large there and several converts first came in touch with the Gospel at Amara.

In 1895 a Bible Shop was opened without opposition at first, but it was closed and sealed by the Turkish Government when it was learned that "the Protestants" intended to establish themselves there permanently. It was reopened after urgent appeals by the American Consul at Bagdad and the books seized were returned from the Custom House, and 122 of them were sold in the following three months.

The work there has had several setbacks. In 1896, the colporteur left because he was caught praying with an enquirer and threatened

with imprisonment. Another corporteur stationed there had to be dismissed for misconduct. In 1903, the shop, with its supply of 400 Scriptures and some educational books, was destroyed in a fire which burned 165 other shops in the bazaar.

The value of the shop has varied with the earnestness and ability of the colporteurs stationed there. One was able to bring together eight or more Moslems to join him in the daily prayers. At times, the Mission doctors have done dispensary work there, winning new confidence and friends for the Mission. But whenever evidences of successful evangelization began to show, persecution followed. The first earnest enquirer was exiled from the town and his family found refuge with the missionaries at Bahrein, where they were baptized and remained faithful until their death.

Another Moslem who permitted Christian prayers for his fellow-laborers in a date garden was accused of being a Christian "Kaffir" and severely beaten upon his head and body. A third Moslem was converted and is now serving his Master as a colporteur of the Mission.

So great has been the success of the witness-bearing at Amara, that the Moslems look with great suspicion upon the location of a missionary in their midst, but tact and faithful living and teaching are winning friends and undoubtedly greater results may be expected.

EDWIN E. CALVERLEY.



N. B.—The Arabian Mission depends for its support and the extension of its work, not on the treasury of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Reformed Church in America, though under its care and administration, but upon contributions specifically made for this purpose. The churches, societies and individuals subscribing are not confined to the Reformed Church. Members of other denominations are among its supporters and its missionaries. Regular gifts and special donations are invited from all who are interested in Mission work in Arabia. Regular contributors will receive quarterly letters and annual reports, without application. All contributions, or applications for literature or information, should be sent to "THE ARABIAN MISSION," 25 E. 22d St., New York.

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